

*Sar.* See!

*Alb.* What?

*Sar.* Look there!

*Alb.* I do, what would you have me see?

*Sar.* Thy father.

*Alb.* Who? That—that my father?

*Tell.* My boy! my boy! my own brave boy!

He's safe! (*Aside.*)

*Sar.* (*Aside to Gesler.*) They're like each other.

*Ges.* Yet I see no sign

Or recognition to betray the link

Unites a father and his child.

*Sar.* My lord,

I am sure it is his father. Look at them.

It may be

A preconcerted thing 'gainst such a chance.

That they survey each other coldly thus.

*Ges.* We shall try. Lead forth the caitiff.

*Sar.* To a dungeon?

*Ges.* No; into the court.

*Sar.* The court, my lord?

*Ges.* And send

To tell the headsman to make ready. Quick!

The slave shall die! You marked the boy?

*Sar.* I did. He started; 'tis his father.

*Ges.* We shall see. Away with him!

*Tell.* Stop! stop!

*Ges.* What would you?

*Tell.* Time! A little time to call my thoughts together.

*Ges.* Thou shalt not have a minute.

*Tell.* Some one, then, to speak with.

*Ges.* Hence with him!

*Tell.* A moment! Stop!

Let me speak to the boy.

*Ges.* Is he thy son?